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LONDON
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Angus McBean

Edna Wood in "Sweetest and Lowest"

Edna Wood has played in all the Ambassadors' *Sweet and Low* editions, and her singing and dancing have contributed greatly to the revue's success. She is to marry Robert P. Chalker, Second Secretary to the American Embassy in London, and the wedding will be at St. George's, Hanover Square, early in November. They are going to spend their honeymoon in France and Switzerland. Miss Wood recently appeared in the Eric Portman film *Wanted for Murder*, where she played opposite Bonar Colleano, jr., who was an old colleague of hers in the first edition of *Sweet and Low*. She made her first success in the West End in *Scoop* at the Vaudeville Theatre

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH



THE rumpus over the indiscretions of Mr. Henry Wallace, still at the time of writing U.S. Secretary of Commerce, illustrates better than any other recent episode the fascinating anomaly of American politics. Henry Wallace is a generous-minded Liberal, the last veteran of the New Deal left in an administration which is becoming more and more a cosy family party of the "boys"—and particularly of "boys" from the State of Missouri. He represents the crusading, the reforming fervour of the Democratic Party. Vice-President in Roosevelt's third administration, he frightened big business so much that the party found it politic at the last election to substitute for him as Vice-Presidential candidate a figure less spectacular and altogether "safer"—one Mr. Truman. Otherwise Wallace might have been President of the United States today.

When as a concession to the left wing of the Democratic Party he was appointed Secretary for Commerce, the "boys" saw to it that his office was shorn of half its power and most of the money which it controlled in President Roosevelt's heyday. He is a man who believes in "full employment." His economic theories that shock so many conventional Americans are the commonplaces of British political thought today, irrespective of party. Compared to him, Mr. Harold Macmillan is almost a dangerous radical.

Ironic Situation

SUCH a man as this, one would have imagined, was the destined friend of the discreetly revolutionary, the conciliatory England of 1946, that withdraws from an Egypt which would not dare squeak, did it lie in the Russian "zone": or surrenders sovereignty over India to a body of men far less capable of turning us out of the country by force of arms than were the conspirators of 1857. Never has England, with her seasoned fighting men, her jet planes, her radar, and all her inventive genius, disposed of such power as she does today. Did she choose to use this power, the prosperous clique who desire our disappearance from Egypt, and the new government of India, could be swept away like chaff. The Germans and the Russians have demonstrated that against the machine popular fervour is of no avail. Never was there such a temptation to rule by tyranny as exists today. Yet it is only themselves whom the English tyrannize.

In such circumstances, we might have expected a Henry Wallace to be our friend. Alas! How often do we find foreigners and Americans of whom we disapprove liking us for the very qualities in England we most deplore: and such men as Wallace, whom in principle we respect, distrusting us from causes no less unreal!

It all comes from a curious time-lag in prejudice, which is one of the most dangerous phenomena in international politics. The Iron Duke made his old age miserable worrying over the possibility of Louis Philippe's France descending upon us—just because war with France had grown into a habit with him. The French at the Versailles Conference of

1919 were children of Richelieu first and realists second. By insisting upon the demise of the Habsburg Empire, they may have crowned four centuries of French tradition, but they also smoothed Hitler's path to the next war. And perhaps future ages will hold that President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill in 1945 destroyed Germany just a shade too utterly for the health and peace of the world.

In the same way prejudices long outmoded linger on with the American Liberals. A king sits on the English throne, and a quarter of the globe is still coloured pink. Russia is the land of promise and experiment, loudly extolling her own democratic ideals and classless society. Besides, she is feared by big business. Therefore, to the American Liberal, who with all his excellent intentions, is an unwitting reactionary of an extreme type, the British Empire is a wicked imperialism which is trying to involve innocent, starry-eyed America in an intrigue to pull purely British chestnuts out of the Russian fire; while Russia is the exciting new friend, wanting nothing but to be courted in a genteel way.

The Party Line

MR. WALLACE's speech was no isolated episode. It was almost the stock peroration of American Liberalism against this country—the sort of nonsense you can find in the pages of the *New Republic* for instance, whenever you bother to open it. The brilliant achievements of American technocracy, the American genius for comfort and the latest "gadget," the sparkle and bustle of the New York street—which are, after all, the average Englishman's first sample of American life—combine to give us the impression that America is in every respect a "modern" country.

So it is, from the purely materialistic point of view. But in the domain of philosophy, and particularly of political philosophy, America lags at least a century behind Western Europe. Indeed, in her fanatical devotion to "rugged individualism"—and Henry Wallace for all his daring ideas of "planning" is paradoxically a passionate believer in purely free enterprise—in her naivete, and her slight tendency to self-righteousness, America sometimes wears almost an air of Gladstonian England. When the American Liberals belabour us, we would do well to remember how odious our grandfathers must have seemed to the outside world. . . .

Quaint and Curious

THE last quality to which I would ever pretend is good or pure taste. I have a fondness for all those insincerities in art—wood painted to look like marble or draperies, stone carved to look like petrified wood, saloons panelled in *trompe-l'œil* which Mr. Ruskin so rightly deplored. To me there are numberless creations of Man more profitable to study than that blade of grass of which Mr. Ruskin was so fond. A grotto loses all interest for me, once I know it to be the work of Nature; I infinitely prefer the Batty Langley ruin to the genuine fourteenth-century cloister, which is so often dilapidated in the wrong places. . . .

Above all, I love objects destined for a cabinet of curiosities such as was the fond passion of our ancestors in the eighteenth



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR FROM ARABIA

H.R.H. the Emir Feisal, Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia, leaving the plane in which he arrived at Heath Row Airport for the Palestine Conference. He was accompanied by his son

century. In vain have I searched at the Escorial for the archangel's wing, whose blushing hues delighted Beckford. (I did, however, come across, in the sacristy of the chapel, a bishop's mitre in Aztec featherwork, not much younger than Hernan Cortes, for which I would give a good deal.) And there are moments when I almost envy some Italian acquaintances of mine, whose late Renaissance ancestors received from the Vatican, in repayment of a loan made years before to some needy Pope, the finest collection of saints' bones in private hands. (Minor saints, of course, but then, the obscurer corners of hagiology are in a way the most fascinating.) The family never recovered financially from not being repaid in cash; but they lodged the holy bones, like a collection of celestial birds' eggs, in *seicento* cabinets rarely inlaid, each drawer bearing in graceful lettering the name of its holy occupant. Would I could remember their names; but let us imagine a lesser S. Chrysostom, hailing this time from Cefalu, or a S. Patrizio from Poggibonsi. From all round the villa the peasants flocked in such multitudes to worship the relics, that the family were compelled further to impoverish themselves by building down their steep drive a series of graceful pavilions for the various Stations of the Cross. No doubt in the end the Vatican's odd fashion of repayment benefited the family. Had it been cash they would, no doubt, have gambled it away, in the fashion of the day. . . .

Castles in the Sand

BUT to return to "curiosities." I have recently seen two objects, both of them preposterous, that haunt my imagination, and which should go into some ducal cabinet of curiosities—except that the last thing dukes want these days is truck with the curious. The first is a strange sort of decanter filled with coloured sand from near the Needles in the Isle of Wight, and depicting, with a fidelity almost terrifying, some genteel early Tudor castle lording it over its park and woods, carried out as lifelike as Technicolor in sands of varying hues. The whole composition is framed in sand of that tint to which the age of Lord Melbourne was particularly given—"Egyptian Red," alternating in a chamfered pattern with ordinary golden sand, that in its gaudy company takes on a strangely exotic air.

The second object that has pleased me is a peep-show, in an architectural inlaid case, of George I's time—in short a Burlingtonian temple of the utmost spirit. Inside are scenes, not as you would suspect, of the South Sea Bubble, but of the Great Exhibition, 130 years later. Vandalism of its owners, you might say, for having thrown away the original set pieces, that no doubt were beautiful. But the views of the Crystal Palace, then of course in the park, with its prevailing colours of magenta and pearl, are enchanting.

It is curious to reflect upon the hopes raised by the Prince Consort's darling, Tennyson's rhyming on the certainty of universal peace and a world parliament, and in contrast the resignation with which we, of a century later, swallow the prospect of continuous war and annihilation in the end. The trouble is, the Victorians imagined that improved communications meant improved understanding. We know now the more you can get at your neighbour, the more you want to get at his throat. Bad roads, illiteracy, want of inventive genius are the best guarantees of survival these days. Of course I like to travel about the world. But then I have no desire to travel in a tank. I am quite unconcerned with questions of racial or ideological superiority. For all I care, the Patagonians may claim both, should these virtues help to shelter them against their cruel prevailing winds. . . .



The Portuguese Ambassador, the Duke of Palmella, who was educated at an English school and graduated at Cambridge

Swaebe

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

INSIDE the London club filled soberly with the world's history writers, the St. James's, or at the Oxford and Cambridge University, or Brooks's, or the Turf, or the United University, is occasionally to be found a giant with a hundred secrets who smiles. He speaks authoritatively, with lightning speed, in impeccable English, about golf, pigs, sheep, port wine, sherry, Chippendale rarities, Dutch seventeenth-century art, banking, cattle, electrification, or aspects of his latest career, diplomacy on the top grade. He hurries into the room with a lightheartedness that scarcely suggests the father of eleven children, including a son of twenty-seven.

Those vast shoulders and heavy jaw belong to club lover, club favourite, the fifth Duke of Palmella, since September, 1943, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Great Britain's oldest ally, Portugal, at the Court of St. James's. There is little conventionally diplomatic about the Duke, who looks a typical unworried Englishman. (Had not the third Duke fought during the Crimean War in the British Navy?)

THE Ambassador's father had served Portugal's last monarch, Manoel II, and King Carlos I. When the revolutionaries abolished the dynasty in 1910, the Palmellas arrived in London, and Domingo, aged thirteen, left their home at 17 Portland Place for Beaumont School. He hurried to collect the coveted Mechanical Science Tripos (via King's, Cambridge) and flew a few days later for home, to enlist in the army. But the Kaiser's dupes won the race, surrendered before the young man had learnt enough to fight them. He was demobilized, but had found time meanwhile to marry the Roehampton-educated daughter of Carlos's closest friend and secretary. By 1919 the Palmellas had their first son; in 1934, the tenth and eleventh additions to the family arrived simultaneously.

After the marriage the Duke settled down to look after the family estates in the centre and north of Portugal. Life went on without fuss till 1926, when he was elected a director of the Bank of Portugal. Occasionally the Palmellas visited what they call

their "second home." Once they stayed for a considerable while, for the Duke gave expert evidence in the Waterlôw banknote case.

FATE's pages turned oddly, as the English nurse who joined the Palmellas about thirty years ago, and now counts as a principal member of the family, would put it. In 1943 the Prime Minister sent for the Duke, offered him the London mission. Looking at the post as a means of rendering national service, he accepted and flew at once with the Duchess and one child to warring London.

As the two Governments had just arranged for the loan to the United Nations of the Azores group of islands, the envoy's mission here began in auspicious circumstances. Since then he has been happy to direct the placing of orders worth many million pounds sterling for ships, electrical installations and industrial products, without fuss or chatter.

THE Duke strives during games with friends at Swinley to reduce his handicap of eighteen ("dear, oh dear, it's awful"), enjoys shooting ("partridge, not pheasant"), likes racegoing, appreciates serious conversation about theatres. Staunch Roman Catholic, he says without pose or apology, "I believe in religion, recognize its need."

For a time the Duchess is home, with the family. In the splendid hotel suite, or the modest temporary Embassy, His Excellency boyishly awaits the pleasure of a surprise parcel. Maybe there is a favourite sand-cake ("it melts quickly in the mouth"), or apricots, or figs, or melons. Meanwhile he surveys the latest antique shop "finds," now part of the Palmella home. And there comes ever more satisfying news of the extensive orders Portugal is placing with her allies, the British.

George Bilainkin



Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., Air Marshal Sir James Robb, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., and G/Capt. Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C.

Battle of Britain Celebration

Survivors of "The Few" who fought in the Battle of Britain six years ago held a dinner at West Halkin St., S.W.1, on the anniversary of the great victory. Many senior officers, past and present, of the R.A.F. also attended



S/Ldr. Rosser, S/Ldr. Mitchell and W/Cmdr. G. B. Johns



W/Cmdr. Skalski and W/Cmdr. Scott-Malden



F/Lt. Solak, W/Cmdr. P. M. Dunning-White, S/Ldr. B. Dregg and Mr. P. M. D. Down



W/Cmdr. Currant, S/Ldr. B. Drake, W/Cmdr. Crowley-Milling, G/Capt. Manton, W/Cmdr. Hallowes, S/Ldr. Higginson, W/Cmdr. N. Ryder



F/Lt. R. A. Beardsley, S/Ldr. R. Ray, S/Ldr. C. O. F. Pegge, S/Ldr. R. Hamlyn, S/Ldr. R. Stillwell, F/Lt. C. S. Bamberger, W/Cmdr. C. Merrick

Party for Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale

Photographs taken at the gay and amusing party given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pretzlik for their son-in-law and daughter, Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, in their London home



Viscountess Scarsdale, Lady Lever, and Viscount Scarsdale, who succeeded his uncle, the Marquess Curzon, in the title in 1925



Lady Rose McLaren, a daughter-in-law of Lord Aberconway, and Mrs. Charles Pretzlik, jun., sister of Viscountess Scarsdale



Sir Robert Cory and Lady Hulse, wife of Sir Westrow Hulse



Sir Giles and Lady Sebright with their son Hugh



The Marquess of Headfort with his daughter, Lady Olivia Tylour



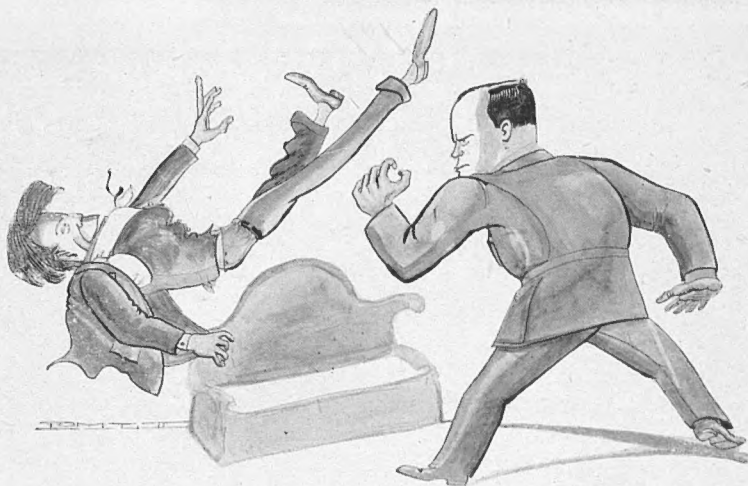
The Earl and Countess Howe



Viscount Scarsdale's three daughters, the Hon. Mrs. James Willson, the Hon. Gloria Curzon and (in front) the Hon. Diana Curzon

Sketches by
Tom Titt

A Rough and Tumble which results in Gerard (Michael Gough) leaving this world with unexpected rapidity by the hand of Geoffrey Wainwright (Hugh McDermott)



The Theatre

"But For The Grace of God" (St. James's)



The Erring but repentant wife (Yvonne Owen) and her sailor husband (Robert Douglas) as he refuses to listen to her plea



The Inspector Takes Over much to the annoyance of Uncle Charles (A. E. Matthews) who has no patience with the lack of finesse employed by the police in the person of Inspector Rayle (J. H. Roberts)

PLAYGOERS are forgetting Pinero, or they have never heard of him, but there seems to be a conspiracy among our playwrights to keep his memory alive. Reverently they repeat his faults. Sir Arthur in the 'nineties was the Englishman most often cited as a model of technical expertness in dramatic writing. He really could tell a story, tell it in such a way that the audience hearing the first bell tinkle for another act would set down unfinished drinks and turn from the bar, so urgently did they want to know what would happen next.

Yet the characters often talked like printed books. Pampered women would confess that they "merited chastisement." Scottish lawyers among their black tin deed boxes would speak of "wild oats thrusting their ears through the very seams of the floor trodden by the wife whose respect you have learned to covet." That is very much how they talk today in *Message For Margaret*, Mr. James Parish's otherwise admirable new piece at the Westminster. Another of Pinero's weaknesses was to set old cronies laboriously explaining to each other what both must have known for a very long time. It is by imitating this particular weakness that Mr. Frederick Lonsdale chooses to keep Pinero's memory green, and we might be sitting in the theatre of fifty years ago while the father—a Scottish baronet—tells a son the names of his brothers and of his sister and reminds him that they are all expecting the sister's sailor husband home from foreign war service.

ONCE these tedious preliminaries are thus summarily disposed of and we all know where we are and who's who, Mr. Lonsdale becomes more like himself. He is nothing if not generous. Here, more or less dovetailed under a single title, are at least three plays. If one fails to ring the bell for you another may.

My own favourite is the opening melodrama. It has adultery, blackmail, murder, compromising letters, an escaped convict and a certain amount of wit. One of the brothers is a most entertaining rascal, and his rascality is brilliantly exploited by Mr. Michael Gough, a young actor new to me. He is, comprehensively, all that a man should not be. He has the skin of a rhinoceros, he weeps and sneers and leers, and the family hear with urbane relief that unless he can come by a thousand pounds at once he will be sent to prison.

"How long will you be away," asks his

father, happily double-locking the drawer in which he keeps his cheque book. Drying his tears, the unscrupulous rascal turns to sneers. Has not his married sister had an affair with the pleasant American soldier now staying in the house? He is not sure, but he thinks it must be so, and what will the devoted, but, as he remembers, rather possessive naval husband say about it when he comes back from the Pacific?

IT is not long before he has broken into his sister's bedroom and stolen the packet of "incriminating missives." The blackmailing scene is very well managed, and then there steps from behind the window curtains the American soldier, a tough boy with a legitimate grouch. The ensuing struggle is even better managed. Nothing in the cad's life so well becomes him as the tigerish fight for the right to blackmail which ends it; and the outraged American is left with something remarkably like murder to explain away.

The second play, the detective inquiry, has its highly amusing moments, but it asks to be taken a shade more seriously than it has any right to be. Mr. J. H. Roberts arrives from the Yard (perhaps he has flown to Scotland), and with a bland contempt for orthodoxy suavely asks all the questions best calculated to make the wife or the American confess to their amour in the presence of a suspicious husband. Mr. Hugh McDermott, Miss Yvonne Owen and Mr. Robert Douglas play up well to Mr. Roberts, presenting dull anger, spirited mendacity and touchy jealousy respectively so effectively that the diversion caused by Mr. Andrew Leigh's escaped convict seems an unnecessary precaution.

BUT we could well dispense altogether with the third play. Here the stuffy husband is an unconscionable time in agreeing to accept his wife's version of her affair as something light, fugitive, excusable, indeed in wartime almost praiseworthy. The result is never seriously in doubt, though Miss Owen and Mr. Douglas do their best to lend importance to all sorts of formal hesitations. They are much helped in their ordeal by Mr. A. E. Matthews, whose mock-testy old party has throughout the evening lightened the labours of his fellow actors and the humour of his author. Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. H. G. Stoker have nothing much to do and do it very pleasantly.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Gordon Anthony

Gordon Harker

Although he was born in 1885, the years have not put a long, grey, detachable beard on Gordon Harker, or relegated him to the property chimney-corner. Such veneration as he may induce is due to his deep understanding of the Cockney character—he is a Londoner himself—and the expression of it matured during a stage experience of forty-three years. His latest performance, as the sturdy disbeliever in ghosts (but it's as well to be careful) in *The Poltergeist* at the Vaudeville, richly demonstrates those qualities which have gained him the affection of over a generation of theatregoers



Major Michael Nairn, Captain D. Moncrieff, Mrs. G. C. Stewart-Stevens, the Earl of Breadalbane and Holland and Major G. C. Stewart-Stevens

THE PERTH HUNT BALL

"Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'."



Sir Torquil Munro, Bt., Lady Flavia Anderson, sister of the Earl of Halsbury, and the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, who is a brother of the Earl of Southesk



Captain D. Moncrieff, Mrs. G. C. Stewart-Stevens and the Earl of Breadalbane, who is the ninth Earl and succeeded in 1923



Lord James Stewart-Murray (the Duke of Atholl) and Lady Macgregor of Macgregor, wife of Sir Malcolm Macgregor of Macgregor, Bt.



Mr. L. Balfour-Paul, Mrs. Francis Upron, Mr. Derick Aldridge and Mrs. R. Orr were filling in the dances on their programmes



Mr. Philip Briant, the Hon. Ann Cholmondeley, younger daughter of Lord Delamere, Viscount Stormont and Miss Cherie Drummond, of Magginch Castle



The Countess of Mansfield and Colonel Morley Fletcher. Lady Mansfield is a daughter of the late Sir Lancelot Carnegie, P.C., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.



Mrs. Norman Patullo, the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, whose husband is a brother of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon



Mrs. M. Russell with Lady Fortune and Major-General Sir Victor Fortune, who commanded the 51st Highland Division in 1940 and was a P.O.W. for five years



Mrs. Peter Cradock Hellings is the wife of Lt.-Col. Cradock Hellings, Royal Marines, who is the only Marine officer to be awarded the D.S.C. and M.C. for services with the Commandos. Her father is Col. S. J. Bassett, C.B.E.



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Barclay is the wife of Major Barclay and the only sister of Lord Shuttleworth. She was formerly married to the late Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland



Harlip

Miss Violet de Trafford is the third of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's four daughters. Her father, who is the fourth baronet, was made High Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1945, and her mother is a daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea



Miss Lavinia Keppel is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Arnold Keppel and Mrs. Arnold Keppel and a kinswoman of the Earl of Albemarle. Her mother was formerly Miss Launa Martin, of Tullaghreine, Co. Cork



Miss Brigid McBean is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBean, of Lakers Lodge, Loxwood, Sussex, and a granddaughter of the late Gen. C. B. Shute. She is one of this year's debutantes

Jennifer writes **HER SOCIAL JOURNAL**

NEXT February's Royal tour of South Africa is already having its effect in London, where many hostesses are busy planning entertainments for an autumn season which will be marked by a whole series of Royal functions that would in normal years take place in the spring. There are, for instance, the two Royal evening performances on November 1st and 4th in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund and the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, which enthusiastic but inaccurate supporters insist on miscalling "Command Performances."

On both these occasions the presence of Their Majesties and the Princesses in the Royal Box will be the basis for a number of parties on both large and small scales. This is the first time the King and Queen have ever attended a special film show of this kind, though plans for one were complete in 1939 when the war came. But in the matter of Command Performances, properly so-called, it is the film people who have all the running in these days, for the weekly cinema shows at Balmoral and Windsor are in fact "commanded" by the King, and the special showing of that epic of heroism, *Theirs Is the Glory*, at Balmoral Castle on the anniversary of the Arnhem battle on September 17th, was a Command Performance in the fullest sense.

ST. LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER

THE 170th St. Leger Stakes, won by Mr. J. E. Ferguson's Airborne, was run on the Town Moor at Doncaster, after an absence of seven years, in the presence of a record crowd. I have never seen anything like the sight this year, a solid mass of several hundreds deep stretching down both sides of the course for three-quarters of a mile! All the stands were packed, too. Everyone was disappointed that Princess Elizabeth was not there to see her first Leger, but, unfortunately, a very bad cold prevented her visit.

Although this was only the 170th St. Leger, there has been racing at Doncaster for 350 years, and it is always a popular meeting among the race-going public; but I doubt if many people can eclipse the record of the late Sir Tatton Sykes, who is reputed to have seen seventy-four St. Leegers at Doncaster, and that wonderful old sportsman the late Lord Lonsdale, who saw the race about sixty times.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal was in the Royal Box with a small party, and others I noticed in the boxes near by were the Earl and Countess of Lewes, the latter in a scarlet suit and hat, with Major and Mrs. Murray Smith, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, who had a big party with them, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Lady Irwin with the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, the latter in purple, with a large family party, and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank. Mr. Rank, of course, won the last post-war St. Leger with Scottish Union. Many people had chosen the private stands, which include the Noblemen's, the Ladies', Reads, the County and the Astley (the last-named has the added advantage of a large balcony at the side overlooking the paddock).

Most people came down to the paddock before the big race to see the runners, and among those I noticed enjoying this pleasant, sunny scene were Lady Mary-Rose Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, the latter delighted to see her brother's Murren run so well later, and Lady Petre, who, obviously fearing a cold day, wore a mink coat, and was escorted by Mr. Peter Burrell. Others present included the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite, who wore a silver-fox cape over her dress, and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter looking as attractive as usual in sage green; they were chatting to Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall. Col. Gordon Foster, for many years the hard-riding Master of the Sinnington, was accompanied by his son and talking to Lady Pilkington, whose husband had hoped to win the first race with his speedy Port of Spain, which only ran second. Miss Priscilla Bullock was chatting to Major Durham Matthews and very hopeful of the chances of her grandfather's Gulf Stream in the big race. Mrs. John Ward, looking exceptionally nice in a long brown coat and bowler, had flown up for the day, and so felt inclined to back Airborne! The Hon. Henry Tufton was accompanied by his wife, in navy blue and white, and others wearing this colour-scheme, which was not nearly as prominent as usual, were Miss Ursula James, Mrs. Harry Misa and Lady Manton (whom I met with her husband, who had a runner in the fourth race). Others watching the horses were Miss Jane Clayton, Major and Mrs. Bertie Bankier, Sir William and Lady Cooke, who had a big party with them, Mrs. Charles Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop,

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Mr. "Ginger" Denton, who is going to train jumpers this season, Mrs. Nagle, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, Mr. Mostyn Hustler and Lady Alexandra Beasley, with very smart yellow lapels on her black coat. She now lives in Yorkshire. I also saw Mr. Stourton, Mr. Riley-Lord, Mrs. Philip Hill, Lady Parsons and her young daughter (who was at her first Leger meeting), Viscount Lambton, Mr. Simon Combe, Col. Peter Payne-Gallwey, the Hon. Robert Watson, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neilson, Mrs. Wilfred Holden, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. Teddy Lambton and his mother and sister, and Lady Liverpool.

A WONDERFUL GREY

MR. FERGUSON, accompanied by his attractive wife in grey and his debutante daughter, Ann, who had red buttons on her navy suit to match her red cap, were early arrivals in the parade-ring to see Airborne, who, it is interesting to know, descends through a direct line of nineteen greys from Alcock's Arabian, and is the fourth grey to win the St. Leger—the others being Hollonaise (1778), Symmetry (1798) and Caligula (1920). The Hon. "Jaky" Astor was there to see his father's horse, and the Aly Khan, who had flown up in time for the first race, was also deputising for his father. He won the next race with his own very nice filly, Rainbow Room, who, like Airborne, is by Precipitation.

The Duke of Norfolk was in the paddock with Lord Allendale, both stewards of the meeting. M. Boussac was with his trainer and jockey, Charlie Elliott, watching Nirgal, the French hope. Major and Mrs. Harry Misa were with Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine looking at Croupier, and the Countess of Durham, in blue with a cherry-red hat, accompanied the Earl of Durham to see the much-fancied northern hope, White Jacket. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel were there with their daughter to see Murren.

One missed a great pillar of the Turf, the Earl of Rosebery, who, I was told, was flying to the meeting to see his Highland Laddie run, but was held up by bad weather. Lord Astor's Fast and Fair led the parade past the stands and then cantered to the post with the other horses. The field was away to an excellent start, and as they came past the stands there was a tremendous Yorkshire cheer as the favourite, Airborne, drew away to win by a length and a half from his stable companion Murren, with Fast and Fair third.

Mr. Ferguson led in his winner, and one of the first people to congratulate him was Major Harold Boyd-Rochfort, who had bred the winner.

SHERRY-PARTY IN SCOTLAND

PERTHSHIRE County families turned up in force for the large and extremely successful sherry-party given by Mr. "Buck" Buchanan, the popular laird of Gask, for his pretty young daughter, Margaret.

Gask is the most enviable house, filled with lovely possessions. It stands upon a hill overlooking the valley of Strathearn. In the now partially restored "auld hoose," in the garden, the original plot for the rebellion of the '45 was hatched. Here, too, lived the celebrated Scottish poetess Caroline Oliphant, afterwards Baroness Nairne.

The heroine of the occasion, who spent part of the war years in America, looked charming in a simple pale-blue patterned dress as she stood with her father receiving the guests at the top of the stairs. Lord and Lady Kinnaird (he is the county's hard-working Lord-Lieutenant) came over from Rossie Priory. They were busy telling people about the latest addition to their family—the baby son recently born in London to their daughter-in-law, the Master of Kinnaird's young wife. The Earl of Mansfield, who, like Lochiel's son-in-law, Major "Jock" Stewart of Ardvorlich, wore the kilt, was talking to the Duchess of Atholl, whose visits to Perthshire are all too few and fleeting these days. The Countess of Mansfield was there too, looking very smart in a light-coloured striped tweed suit. From Kincardine Castle, near Auchterarder, came Mrs. Middleton Borland with her elder married daughter, Mrs. James Johnstone

Brennen, and her American-born husband.

Others I met in the course of the evening at Gask were Lady Wilson of Kippen, Sir James and Lady Denby Roberts (he is one of Perthshire's leading agriculturists) and Major-Gen. and Mrs. Marindin of Fordel.

POLO PROSPECTS

POLO is one of the games that will take some time to get going again in this country, especially now all our cavalry regiments (the pre-war backbone of polo) have been mechanised! I was interested to hear that two enterprising clubs have been having games this season—the Rugby Club, where Major V. Miller has just succeeded Major P. W. Nicholls as secretary, and the Rhinefield Polo Club, which was brought back to life in May and has been playing one day a week ever since.

At the moment, though their prospects for next season are good, they are suffering from shortage of ponies rather than shortage of players! This club recently held a very successful polo ball at Eversley, when Miss McCall kindly lent Elmers Court for the occasion.

HORSE SHOW

I HAVE news of a very successful horse show held at Fairford Park, in Gloucestershire, recently in aid of the Fairford Cottage Hospital and the District Ambulance. Lady Apsley, herself a very fine horsewoman until her bad hunting accident some years ago, was patron of the show, and at the conclusion presented the prizes to the successful competitors. Mr. Stephen Player, the enterprising and energetic young Master of the Cricklade Hounds, was president of the show, and with his pretty wife entertained a party of friends.

There was a splendid entry, and some of the finest horses and ponies in the country competed. Mr. Hugh Sumner won the hunter championship with his good-looking four-year-old Blarney Stone, which had already won four firsts and two championships this season. Miss Karen Ireland, a young follower of the Cricklade, riding her pony Airborne, won the class for the best pony under 12.2, and the prize for the best rider in the class. The children's jumping was keenly contested too, with more than forty competitors. Miss Pat Moss, an eleven-and-a-half-year-old pupil of the local "Wings School" run by Major Edwards, who was secretary of the show, won the event on Hairpin. At this tender age she has already won nearly 400 prizes in the show-ring.

Among others who supported the show were Sir William Goodenough, who is chairman of the V.W.H. Cricklade Hunt, as well as chairman of many important boards, including the Nuffield Trust, and who lives at Lechlade; Col. C. H. S. Townsend, M.F.H., Lord St. Aldwyn, whose country seat is near Fairford; Gen. Stephens, Major Jim Crewdson, Gen. Sir Clement Armitage, Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, Mrs. Vivian Henriques and the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL

DEAUVILLE seems to have managed remarkably well in its attempt to revive its old glories, and the Casino, the Normandy and the Royal Hotels have been crowded. Grace Moore gave a concert in the theatre of the Casino, with Ivor Newton at the piano, and it was voted a great success. Lady Cunard had a party for it, and her friends in the box included Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Mr. Loel Guinness and Sir Robert Abdy.

As of old, evening dress is *de rigueur* in the Casino and restaurants, and champagne the only drink apparently! Ciro's is a favourite rendezvous for lunch, the Ambassadeurs for dinner and in the early hours of the morning, while it is generally extremely difficult to get a table "chez Brummel."

Monsieur André is still the presiding genius of Deauville, and has shown considerable talent for keeping his linen, silver, glass and cellars free from the ravages of war. Baron Edouard de Rothschild has been at the Royal, for he has not yet opened up his château outside Deauville.

Lord Newborough and Prince Nicholas of Rumania have also been among recent visitors.



Crown Prince Gustav Adolph shows Lady Louis round his beautiful garden at Sofiero. His wife, the Crown Princess, is Lord Louis's sister



Prince Gustav Adolph with his mother-in-law, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, who is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria



Lord Louis with Pamela and Patricia Mountbatten and the Crown Princess of Sweden

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten in Sweden



THE HORSE, THE LAD AND THE BUYERS. Is he a Derby winner? H'm, maybe, let's buy him and see. At best he is a fortune on four legs; at worst a blood horse you'll be proud of, supposing he never wins a race

SEPTEMBER SALES OF YEARLINGS AT NEWMARKET

IF ever any doubt existed as to the continuing importance of the British bloodstock breeding industry, these recent September sales at Newmarket ought to dispel it. There have been indications of a tendency to decry British blood, and to suggest that the salt has lost its savour, and at the same time to extol that of other countries. Yet here, a year after the most difficult period breeders have ever had to face, six years of short commons, to say nothing of any interference by enemy action, we find buyers from all the four corners of the earth flocking to what they know is the real fountain-head. "Yearlings Make Over Half a Million"; "16,000 Guineas for a Sledmere Colt"; "44,900 Guineas, an Average of 7483 Guineas Each." These were some of the headlines, and we had only to glance down the sale catalogue upon any day to see the story written in capital letters.

The "Antis" and Croakers, of course, say that this is merely a further advertisement of

the accepted maxim that a fool and his money are soon parted, and that it is infamous that hard cash should be so ruthlessly squandered upon "instruments of gaming," which tempt the office boy to rob the till and the gambler to blue his starving wife's housekeeping money.

It is possible that my fellow racing—you know the next word they usually apply—get as many letters of this sort as I do. But the people who buy our bloodstock are not fools, but very hard-boiled business men, who have a very shrewd idea as to what is going to happen when they cast their bread upon the waters. They, like all other dealers in this world's chattels, buy a good article when they come across it because they know that it is going to pay a dividend. For example, we have the convincing performances of Airborne, who won both this year's Derby and St. Leger with ease, and may well set the seal upon these achievements by winning next year's Ascot Gold Cup. There has

never been a dissentient voice as to the likelihood of his being a stayer; the only doubts that have been thrown out have been as to his possible lack of speed. The method of his two great wins this year surely must dispel that doubt, for in both the Derby and the Leger it was that long-sustained run from about half a mile out that put paid to the accounts of his opponents.

HE will retire to the stud a great racehorse and a probable sire of horses as good as himself. He is a national asset. His sire, Precipitation, is now solidly established. He is by that stout Hurry On, who begat, amongst others, the 1927 Derby winner, Call Boy. Our factory has always been renowned for turning out first-class goods, and yet we have these bitter critics of a valuable and remunerative industry.

"Sabretache"



Mrs. Tebbutt and Mr. H. E. Neave taking a keen interest in the proceedings



The Gaekwar of Baroda, Michael Beary, Mr. H. S. Persse and Miss M. Quinlan



Mr. P. Hastings (centre) with Mr. Evan Williams (left) and Mr. Vic Smyth



Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Leader and Miss Daniel were also among those present



Viscount Adair, the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson and Lady Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, who lives in Ireland



The Earl of Rosebery, on whose behalf several purchases were made, and the Duchess of Norfolk



Mrs. R. Hoare, Lady Alexandra Beasley, the Earl of Wilton's sister, and Mrs. Nickie Morris



Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, wife of the King's trainer, with Lady Stafford-King-Harman



Mrs. J. A. Waugh (left) with Col. and Mrs. Ralph Raphael



Mr. H. L. Cottrill, Jr., and Miss L. Pratt talking during an interval

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"A few minutes at . . . the salons"

A FRENCH paper indignantly states that the English and U.S. Press are "vividly" criticising the autumn fashions now being shown in Paris; at the same time I have read far more disparaging remarks penned by Gallic writers about British and American fashions. This being the case, one may as well write it all off as a "love" game, moisten the lips and start another set.

Professionally I don't have to "do" the collections, and for this mercy I return thanks to whatever gods there be. The crowd, the heat, the cigarette smoke, the varied perfumes and, above all, the excited chatter positively terrify me. I unreservedly admire the fashion writers who sometimes take in three and even four shows in their daily stride, writing them up when they get home at night, and this for days on end. How their lungs, heart, brain and eyes stand the strain I cannot imagine. I have only seen one show from beginning to end, starting with the *petit tailleur* for the morning and ending with the gorgeous wedding dress that usually concludes the ceremony, but having friends *un peu parlout* (it is easier, in Paris, to break into a Cabinet Meeting than to drop in, uninvited, on the first showing of a grand *couturier's* collection), I have spent a few minutes at most of the well-known salons. There were heavy hearts at Jeanne Lanvin's, for the recent death of that very grand old lady of the *haute couture* has caused real sorrow. Her daughter, Comtesse Jean de Polignac, received the guests, and among them were Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Princess Faizia and her husband.

AT Lucien Lelong's I saw Mrs. Byrnes and Mme. Bidault. They wore severe tailor-mades and gay little flowered hats, and I admired the way Mme. Bidault managed to juggle with a lighted cigarette and her floating veil without setting herself alight. Christian Bérard, complete with beaver, seemed vastly interested in the gorgeous gowns that reminded those of us who remember such bygone times of the slinky, Boldini silhouette of 1900, or was it the mannequins that appealed to him? If so, I sympathise. I always fail really to see the first few frocks at these shows, because I am so busy watching the lovely creatures that wear them. They amuse me so with their strutting little ways and they are so exquisite from the tips of their pink—usually red, alas—toes to the top-most strand of their glossy, well-groomed heads.

They are much prettier now that they are rather more rounded than they used to be. A few seasons ago they were so thin that their bones almost rattled when they walked, but now there are charming curves everywhere. How tired they, also, must be at the end of the day, since they not only change frocks so many times, but all the accessories—gloves, shoes, hat and sometimes stockings that accompany each creation.

THEIR job was less strenuous in the old days. When I was a child many, many years ago, I was sometimes taken, when we were in Paris, to Laferrière's, where my mother got her clothes. Paquin, Worth and Laferrière were the *couturiers* then, but Laferrière is no more. I loved going there because one of the *premières* always gave me a bundle of gorgeous "rags" with which to dress my dolls. The mannequins, on the other hand, rather frightened me. They were so terribly overpowering, tall and stately, and so very haughty. They wore skin-tight sheaths of flesh-coloured satin up to their ears and down to their wrists, over which the evening frocks were displayed. It was not proper, in the late 'nineties, to show bare arms and shoulders in the daytime. I wonder what these pink-sheathed ladies would think of the exiguous evening bodices that their modern sisters wear

so unself-consciously; and how would they like the swathed effects that cut a diagonal path from hip to shoulder, leaving one shoulder and the rest of the back bare? This is a very lovely novelty when it is carried out in black or colours, but to be avoided in white, as it then has rather the effect of a surgical dressing.

Shades of Bakst! How happy that great Russian designer would be if he could see the riot of colours at Balmain's. Poiret also would know that his influence is still felt. There were some positively 1912 coats with their straight line and huge roll-collar of fur. (Opossum is being used again . . . and every other kind of pelt, from the Best Bunny to the Tricky Tom-Kat.) There were also coat-frocks that reminded me of a certain fur-skirted coat Poiret designed for Spinelly in 1911 that created such a sensation when she wore it at the Longchamp races that she was almost crushed by the admirers who crowded round.

JACQUES COSTAT has named many of his models after well-known actresses. A newcomer to Paris—or, at all events, the Paris that exists outside the Central Markets—thought that the frocks were worn by the actresses themselves, and her astonishment was great when a lovely young thing appeared in a picturesque frock announced as "Cécile Sorel." The "Marie Déa" model was worn by a dimpled blonde. "How they do change in real life," chattered the lady. "On the screen she's dark and slim, and as for that Mme. Sorel, what cheek to say she's over seventy." She was rather a dear, this good lady from *les Halles*. Rosy-cheeked, with a little tip-tilted unpowdered nose, very, very comfortably rotund as to figure, and amusingly talkative. One can well imagine her husband, who accompanied her, murmuring gently:

Be plain in dress and sober in your diet,
In short, my dearie, kiss me and be quiet.

At Jean Patou's there were some lovely fur-lined coats worn over perfect little tailored frocks of fine woollen jersey or simple blouses, with wing collars and rows of little buttons on the shoulders. Evening frocks were either frilly-skirted, off the ground in front and trailing at the back, or else long and very slinky to the knees, where they flared out and were lined with frills of a brilliantly contrasting colour that are intended to show when the wearer picks up her train for greater ease in walking or dancing. This was one of the collections that pleased me most, since I contend that a new frock is not an entire success when it only prompts the remark "what a pretty dress!" The hall-marking comment should be: "what a lovely woman!" The answer to this is: the Patou mannequins are the loveliest I have seen.

Voilà!

● Since the Peace Conference began the Paris *agents de police* seem to have smartened up considerably. New uniforms, white gauntlet gloves when on traffic duty and tidy hair-cuts. It seems also that they are very *galant*. A very pretty young girl, secretary to one of the members of a delegation, was annoyed in the street. She went up to the nearest *agent* and complained: "That man is following me; please send him away." "Certainly, Mademoiselle," was the answer, "but may I say that if I were not on duty I'd be following you, too!"



Mme. di Costanzo, Miss Lonardi (Overseas Secretary) and Major Delamare



Sir John Anderson, the Viscountess de Thieusies and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador



Lady Anderson and the newly-appointed Belgian Ambassador, Viscount Obert de Thieusies

The Army's Opera

First Night of the C.M.F. Opera Company at Covent Garden



Air Vice-Marshal Sir John D'Albiac
and Lady D'Albiac



Miss N. Hanson and Miss C. Hanson were
among the large and enthusiastic audience



Brig. B. U. S. Cripps, President of the Control-
ling Committee of the San Carlo Theatre, with
Signor Migone, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires

THE coming of the (Central Mediterranean Force) San Carlo Opera Company to Covent Garden marks the reopening of Italian opera there for the first time since the war. The Company originated from the enterprise of certain British and American Army officers who were anxious to provide entertainment for the troops in Sicily and Italy. Over 2000 performances were given, each seen by an average of 2000 soldiers, and the Company became entirely self-supporting.

The opening performance, *La Traviata*, the proceeds of which went to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Air Force Families Association, received a very warm welcome from the audience. There are twenty-six principal singers and fifty members of the chorus, and the Covent Garden Orchestra is conducted by two Italian musicians, Franco Capuana and Vincenzo Bellezza. The scenery and costumes are furnished jointly by the San Carlo Theatre and the Royal Opera House.



At the Crush Bar During the Interval

Swæbe

MURIEL and Sydney Box, who wrote and produced *The Seventh Veil*, and who have just taken over control of Gainsborough Pictures (1928), Ltd., for J. Arthur Rank, not only write the scripts of seven or eight pictures a year; they also keep a diary. Into it go the daily incidents of their very full lives written haphazardly by Muriel or Sydney as the fancy takes them. In the absence on holiday of James Agate, himself the most persistent diarist of the day, *Tatler* here prints some extracts from the Boxes' diary

MESSRS. BOX & BOX

AT supper last night a gushing young thing exclaimed that it must be *wonderful* to be a film producer and meet such exciting people all the time. It must be a *tremendously* glamorous life, she told me, and added that really I ought to pay "them" to let me do it.

Still smarting a little at this last remark, I sat down this morning and wrote out a timetable of a typical producer's day. Here it is.

- 5 a.m. Called by telephone. Stagger from bed and start work on the script of the next picture. Write steadily till—
- 8. 0. Emily brings tea. Give up the script, shave, bathe and eat breakfast.
- 8.30. Telephone begins to ring.
- 9.15. Telephone still ringing. Answer eleventh call of the day and rush from the flat with the bell ringing again as the door slams.
- 9.30. Arrive at studio. Start dealing with mail. Telephone rings.
- 10. 0. Take eleventh call since arriving at

studio. Give up any hope of dealing with remainder of mail and rush to theatre to see rough-cut of last picture but one.

- 11.55. Stagger out of theatre and go into fifty-minute argument over recutting of the picture.
- 12.45. S O S from Stage Three, where director and star have reached deadlock over proper interpretation of one line of dialogue. Go to stage and attempt to give judgment of Solomon.
- 1.10. Lunch in studio with newspaper correspondent, studio manager, two script-writers and camera-man, all with problems to be discussed.
- 1.50. See rushes of first production at present on floor.
- 2. 5. See rushes of second production at present on floor.
- 2.15. See rushes of third production at present on location.

- 2.30. Sign twenty letters, sixty cheques, and ring back to four of twenty-five people who have 'phoned during absence from office and left messages.
- 2.50. Start for town for Board Meeting.
- 2.51. Recalled to Stage Five, where second production is being shot because of new crisis caused by breakdown of obsolescent equipment. Rearrange schedule and dash back to car.
- 3.25. Arrive for Board Meeting ten minutes late and incur usual witty remarks about unbusinesslike behaviour of arty-crafty film people.
- 6.25. Board Meeting still in progress. Ask to be excused. Incur further witty remarks about appointments with glamour girls and casting couches.
- 6.40. Back at studio. Try to catch up on telephone calls, letters, messages and queue of six or seven directors and writers who really *must* see me to-night.
- 7.50. Leave studio and go to private theatre in Wardour Street to show new picture to distributors.
- 9.45. Finish showing new picture and go to dinner with distributors to oppose the changes they want to make.
- 11. 0. Leave dinner and dash back to flat, for meeting with director about scene to be shot on following day.
- 11.40. Go to bed. Telephone rings. Take off receiver and leave it off.



Sydney Box is Not Only a Film Producer But a Writer—

SINCE *The Wicked Lady* retakes began, Muriel is threatening to write a treatise on "Cleavage." I have a feeling it could only be published in a limited edition printed on hand-made vellum and circulated privately. Nearly £10,000 worth of extra shooting has been necessary on *The Wicked Lady* to replace scenes in which the bosoms of Margaret Lockwood and Patricia Roc seemed to Joe Breen likely to offend the modesty of young American manhood. (When Margaret Lockwood saw the list of shots he objected to, she remarked, "Where did he sit when he saw the picture—in the upper circle?") And yet this very week after struggling manfully (if that is the word) to see that Margaret and Pat were fully covered, we went to see *Centennial Summer* and found that young American girlhood was romping on the screen fancy- (and frill-) free. Over dinner, Muriel set about compiling a list of the Seven Best Bosoms of the Screen. I think the waiter accepted the list in place of a tip, but I know it began with Jane Russell in *The Outlaw* and Hedy Lamarr in *Extase*.

JAMES MASON and Lawrence Huntingdon (who is directing Mason's new film, *The Upturned Glass*) were taken to the operating theatre of the ——— Hospital to-day to watch a brain operation. An hour later, Laurie was back in the studio looking a little green about the gills, but James was gone all afternoon. We found out later that he had stayed in the theatre for an hour watching the surgeon at work.

A week later. . . . James has just done the operation scenes for the picture. We had a surgeon standing by to correct him on details, but his services were not used. He came to me half-way through the afternoon and said, "The man's uncanny. I really believe he could operate on a real case and get away with it."

WHEN Ann Todd played the pianoforte part of the Rachmaninoff Concerto in *The Seventh Veil* we thought we had seen the most remarkable piece of virtuosity in the history of pictures. But last night, at a "sneak" preview of *The Magic Bow*, we saw something that at least equals La Todd's performance. Stewart Granger, as Paganini plays half-a-dozen violin solos in staggering style. Behind that

WRITE A FILM DIARY

"SAM GOLDWYN, JUNIOR, just out of the U.S. Army and full of youthful enthusiasm, joins us this week. His arrival at the studio started a reminiscent flow of Goldwynisms, one of which was new to us. Sam Senior was alleged to be leaving by boat for a holiday in Hawaii. His office staff were present in force to see him off, and as the boat left the quay they were delighted to observe Sam at the rail, waving a coloured handkerchief and calling out in his corncrake voice: "Bon voyage! Bon voyage!"

performance, which the West End will be seeing soon, is a remarkable story of persistence. Bernard Knowles, the director of the picture, told us that Granger shut himself up in his dressing-room day after day with a violin teacher. At the end of three weeks, he emerged, haggard and miserable, and said, "It's no good. I'll never get to look as though I'm playing the damned thing." And despite everyone's coaxing, he flatly refused to play more than six or seven bars in the whole film.

But then he went back to his hide-out again. Before the shooting was over he had played for a total of twenty minutes' screen time. The actual playing, of course, was done by Yehudi Menuhin—and the violin solos alone are worth the cost of your cinema seat.

To be a "quick study" is every actor's dream. The ability to remember lines easily takes a great deal of the drudgery out of acting. The best memory in the film industry belongs to Margaret Lockwood. She's never learnt a part yet. She just glances at it, and her photographic memory does the rest. She can quote a page of script to you after one reading—and when we came to do modesty retakes on *The Wicked Lady* in order to meet the censorship objections of the Breen office in Hollywood, Margaret walked straight in front of the camera and played her scenes over again without looking at the script, although it was more than a year since she had made the film.

Her memory can be rather disconcerting at times. She can report accurately five-year-old conversations, and although she has played in more than thirty-five films she remembers the names of every member of every cast and every technician.

When she gets tired of films she can still earn fabulous sums on the halls as a feminine Datas.

DIRECTLY we buy a new story for filming the title is registered with the bureaux set up for that purpose in this country and America. Registration gives priority in the use of the title for a period of two years. After that, it goes to the second claimant, if any. There's no copyright in titles, but this simple form of registration prevents fourteen companies all coming out simultaneously with a film called *Atom Bomb*. The American bureau is very helpful and sends with the acknowledgement of registration a list of similarities already on their books.

Last week we bought *Dear Murderer*, the Legh Clowes play from the Aldwych, and duly registered it. To-day we received from America the usual acknowledgement and note that they had one similar title already registered—*The Deerslayer*.

THE London Symphony Orchestra came down to-day for a music session. In addition to the background score, which was impeccably written by Ben Frankel, we needed a short violin passage played by the leader of a small orchestra in a café. Feeling rather like a platoon of Philistines, we asked George Stretton, the L.S.O. leader, if he would condescend to play it for us. It was, we explained, something that needed to sound rather more like the Corner House than the Albert Hall. We waited for the explosion, but George just grinned and said, "I know exactly what you mean. I used to play in a Corner House band myself."

It's interesting, incidentally, how the film has taken the place of the rich man as the patron of artists and musicians—and particularly composers. Largely due to the crusading of the young Scottish conductor, Muir Mathieson, between twenty-five and thirty British films each year carry scores by established or up-and-coming composers. By writing scores for two films a year, a composer can guarantee himself

a four-figure income for perhaps four months' work, leaving himself two-thirds of the year to give to his more personal work. The present flowering of British music is due in no small degree to the influence of Mathieson and the patronage of pictures.

TO-DAY came a cable from America asking us to plead with young Richard Attenborough to change his name on the grounds that nobody in the United States and Canada understood what a "borough" meant or how to pronounce it. "Jock" Lawrence, our American adviser, confirms this. Most Americans, he says, will think it should be "berger"—and the remainder will think it's pronounced "buff" or "boff." And in any case, he adds, the name is much too long to go up on the marquee. (This is the canopy above the entrance of the cinema, which has twenty-four slots into which the manager inserts metal letters spelling the names of his stars for the week. If Dicky's name goes

up in full that only leaves five spaces for everyone else.)

Dicky, after much agonising, says he will be damned if he will change his name—it's high time the Americans learned what a "borough" is and how it is pronounced.

This business of names occupies a great many hours of our time—particularly with our baby stars in the Company of Youth. The publicity boys like their names short and simple (Ann Todd is their ideal), and when the Rank Group gave a contract to Patsy Scantlebury after her good work in *The Way We Live*, there were half-a-dozen heart attacks in Wardour Street, but they soon recovered, and now Patsy (who comes from Plymouth) is named Drake.

Greta Gynt got her name from some Ibsen lover: she's a Norwegian and was born Voxholt. And this week Pat Fenshaw and Gwendolen Clark, two of the latest Company of Youth members, have become Susan Shaw and Jane Hylton.



—and is Ably Assisted by Muriel Box in Both Activities

D. B. WYNNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

BARRING one small psychological flaw, the War Box's new Press recruiting-publicity ("A Man's Job . . .") stuff seems to us excellent. The battalion C.O. in the accompanying sketch is shown eagerly shaking hands with the latest addition to the ranks. He should be kissing him.

The last official Army kiss was that given by Wellington to the last Waterloo survivor he inspected, somewhere about 1838. The Duke himself had been kissed ("Ged!") by George IV. in an historic interview a few years previously and was maybe still a trifle overwrought—you remember that fantastic episode of his last years, when a fervent young Evangelical spinster was chasing England's aged idol with the highest motives? As Democracy will require something more than normal chumminess from commanding officers in future, we suggest reviving the Army Kiss. A few graceful words murmured by the C.O. after it will enhance the charm of the occasion.

"So good of you to join us, Arthur."

"Cyril."

"I'm so awfully sorry! Cyril, of course."

(Cyril sulks. The C.O. feels an awful swine.)

"Nothing wrong, Cyril, I hope?"

"Well, I do think you might get my name right. It completely spoils the welcome."

"Tell you what I'll do, Cyril, I'll kiss you again."

(Which being done, the R.S.M. trips up with a tea-rose for Cyril's buttonhole and everybody is awfully gay.)

Footnote

WE once knew a Colonel with blazing mad blue eyes who spat. On being removed eventually from the front line, none too soon, he spat at a Full General and was bowlerhatted. We've often wondered since if he wasn't secretly starving for all those kisses his beloved battalion was yearning to give him.

Epic

BEAT to a frazzle, hit for six, knocked for a row of papier-mâché Japanese ashcans, and slung out in the alley, Fleet Street's sauciest sensation-experts are shamefully admitting that when it comes to a Live News-Story, Soviet Radio can make rings round them in glorious Technicolor.

In case you missed Soviet Radio's account of that recent occupation by a crowd of unfortunate "squatters," duped by the Red boys, of a big block of Kensington flats called "Duchess of Bedford House," here it is, verbatim:

Several thousand starving and homeless Britons last night forcefully invaded and occupied the rooo-room mansion belonging to the Duchess of Bedford, in the heart of fashionable London. The Duchess and her retinue had to flee. Police and Scotland Yard forces trying to stop the desperate invaders were overwhelmed.

Lovers of good news-stories may ask themselves why the Soviet Radio boys, having put in that inspired bit about the fleeing Duchess and her retinue, didn't go on to describe vividly how they were seized by the proletariat and elaborately executed in the nearest cellar, as at Ekaterinenberg in 1917. Our information is that austere Marxist adherence to fact dictated this last-minute feat of self-control.

In the United States the annual Pulitzer Prize for Journalism keeps the front-page newsboys on their toes. This year the Committee may as well throw it to the cat.

Recipe

IT may be that perpetual croquet-tournaments enabled a girl who recently attained the age of 101 to live (as she alleged) her long and happy life. We wouldn't know. Girls are so odd.

Judging from the reports of a chap who used to play croquet with Barrie (who swung a wicked mallet and was also greatly averse to being beaten, which made him dark and difficult), the game yields the Nordic Type about as much happiness as any other ball-game. While actually striking the ball there is an illusion of joy, soon succeeded, alas, by ennui, aridity, restlessness, despair, acidosis, and finally death, of which Nordics are excessively afraid. Croquet likewise stirs the viler passions, as we discovered a little time ago when partnering a lady known to the countryside as Hecate, or the Queen of Hell, on a rectory lawn miles from home. Halfway through we asked a jolly local how to cope with this menace.

"What's the form?"

"Well, oddly enough, old boy, she has a terrific maternal streak. Next time she raises Cain, fall on her bosom."

"Any particular cry?"

"Just make a noise like a waif, old boy."

Our timing was wrong, however, and the Queen of Hell fluffed a stroke and lost an Edwardian carriage-clock. You'd never think losing a rather ugly carriage-clock would move a woman so profoundly. The Rape of Lucrece was a vegetarian picnic in comparison.

Awakening

TURKEY's first woman barrister, now in London, plainly represents the long-awaited retort of Auntie Progress to Pierre Loti's once-world famous bit of flaffa *Les Désenchantées*, which deals (as Grandmamma will tell you) with the heart-throbs of three poor little melancholy Turkish beauties of the Old Régime yearning for emancipation.

Their boy-friend, M. Loti in person, should have warned these tiny moon-faced ones about Progress. He was a small, neurotic, highly-strung ex-naval chap on high heels. Between mouthfuls of Rahat Lokoum—the real non-export stuff, fresh from Hadji Baba's—he could easily have told them what it means to a girl to have to mix with the Law and its wiggy boys. He could have warned them against highbrow journalism as well. One sees him pointing through the lattice at one of the eunuchs of the Grand Sérail asleep in the sunshine.

"That's the type you get on the more cultured (munch, munch) sixpenny weeklies," says M. Loti. "Only they have squeakier voices and more revolting habits."

"Ah, gwan, sailor, quit kiddin'," says Azyadé (or whatever the eldest girl's name was), sobbing despite herself.

You know what sailors are. They can never resist a woman's tears, except when married to one. Ex-Lieutenant-de-Vaisseau Viaud, in booky circles known as Pierre Loti, changes the subject and gets on to long-range gunnery forthwith.

Thought

TO advertise the cooling fragrance of its Eau-de-Cologne a wellknown perfumery firm is using a drawing of Fanny Ellsler, after Deveria's lithograph, which every balletomane will recognise as a charming thought. But though fragrant, was the divine Fanny invariably cool?

In delicately tinted Early Victorian prints you see La Ellsler, and her bitter rival La Taglioni likewise, drifting effortlessly on the air, light and cool as a snowflake. Yet there was hell in those girls' hearts, and moreover their feet were hot, like the feet of every other *prima ballerina assoluta*. Does this latter thought ever occur to you as you lounge in

swinish ease at Sadler's Wells? It inspired a haunting line by Théophile Gautier, who knew and liked both big girls well:

*Elles ont des yeux retroussés vers les tempes,
Un pied exquis, mais trop (hélas!) trop chaud . . .*

Swinburne was tortured by the same thought while watching *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* at Covent Garden:

Though sore be my burden
In desolate dawns,
Is it aught to the guerdon
Of girls chased by fauns
As they hop on the pinions
Of pain with fierce hearts
less aflame than their
corns?

Actually Ellsler was once advised by a friend, a Mrs. Wagthorpe, to try Twinkler's Tootsie Tablets. The box-office manager, however, said it would be bad for her interpretation. "We of the Theatre," said the jolly box-office manager, picking his teeth, "we got to suffer, see?"

String

A CHAP holding forth on the manufacture of a string reminded us once more that if we had a bit of string we could die a wealthy print-collector, and maybe a peer.

Any West End printseller will tell you how wealthy print-collectors begin. They need only a bit of thin string, about a foot long. Tripping into a museum or library to consult a bound folio volume of rare prints, they lay the string, which has been previously soaked in acid, neatly along the edge of the desired print nearest the "spine," like a bookmark, return the volume, and trip home. Next morning, when they call to consult the same volume again, the acid has eaten the plate free and they have only to detach it deftly and trip home, humming a tune. Having collected a dozen rare prints thus they sell them to an American for £500 and start again, keeping the prints they like best for their own collection. After fifty years of it they sell their collection to the Nation for £500,000 and are given a peerage.

We have to add that 99 per cent. of print-collectors are wantonly obstructed nowadays by suspicious hirelings hovering and breathing down their neck. An un-English trick.

Chic

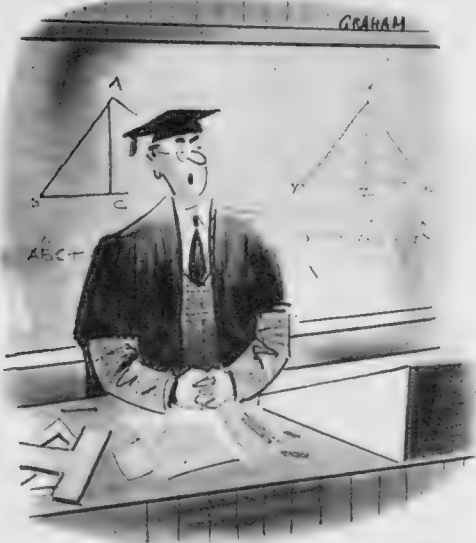
FROM a Parisian weekly one learns that the Surrealists are dead as canned mutton and that the Lettrists have resoundingly taken their place, led by the poet Isidore Isou.

The Lettrist boys make it rather difficult for the saps to follow their more transcendental thought, as you gather from a Lettrist poem called *Pour pleurer Calypso*:

*Minisé besifé pelas
loustivo belaste kada . . .*

This language is so far unclassified (our guess is that it is an offshoot of the Lanternois tongue invented by Old Tease Rabelais), but the Lettrists make the general position clear to some extent by their slogan: "Poetry is not a matter of words, but of letters." Naturally they are young, hairy, and menacing; a compact, deafening little group of thirty. How sad to think all that flaming boyish energy will be wasted and that they will inevitably grow up and be kicked in the pants by that cruel goddess the Greeks called Ananke, or Reality.

The bouncing Bloomsbury boys are in the same boat, except that they never grow up at all. Life, Life, what a sickening old bitch you are.



"In spite of what your father says, Hunt, in this school we still believe that Pythagoras did know what he was talking about. . . ."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Two piano-movers knocked on the door. A meek-looking man opened it. "Did you order a piano from the Blank Music Shop?" asked the first piano-mover.

The tenant shook his head. "No, not a piano," he corrected. "I ordered a flute."

The piano man studied a slip of paper. "According to this," he grumbled, "you ordered a piano!"

The little man studied the husky piano-movers.

"Very well," he said nervously. "Move it in. But if your firm makes any more mistakes like that, I'll have to deal somewhere else."

"**M**AN, Mike, 'tis a long time since I've seen ye. An' how is things wid ye, me bhoy?" "Bad, Pat, bad. 'Tis these throubled times an' the rationin' an' all. Sure, for the last six months 'tis little more I've been doin' than starin' the wolf in the face."

"Bejabbers, Mike, is that so? An' it can't have been any too plisant for either of ye."

SHE was reading the newspaper at the breakfast-table and remarked to her husband: "Fancy a woman getting a thousand pounds damages for the loss of a thumb. It seems excessive."

Her husband glanced up from his paper. "Perhaps," he suggested, "it was the one she kept her husband under."

ONE of the chiefs of a firm remarked to the manager of a department: "That new clerk of yours seems a hard worker."

"Yes," replied the manager grimly, "that is his speciality."

"What, working hard?"

"No, seeming to!"

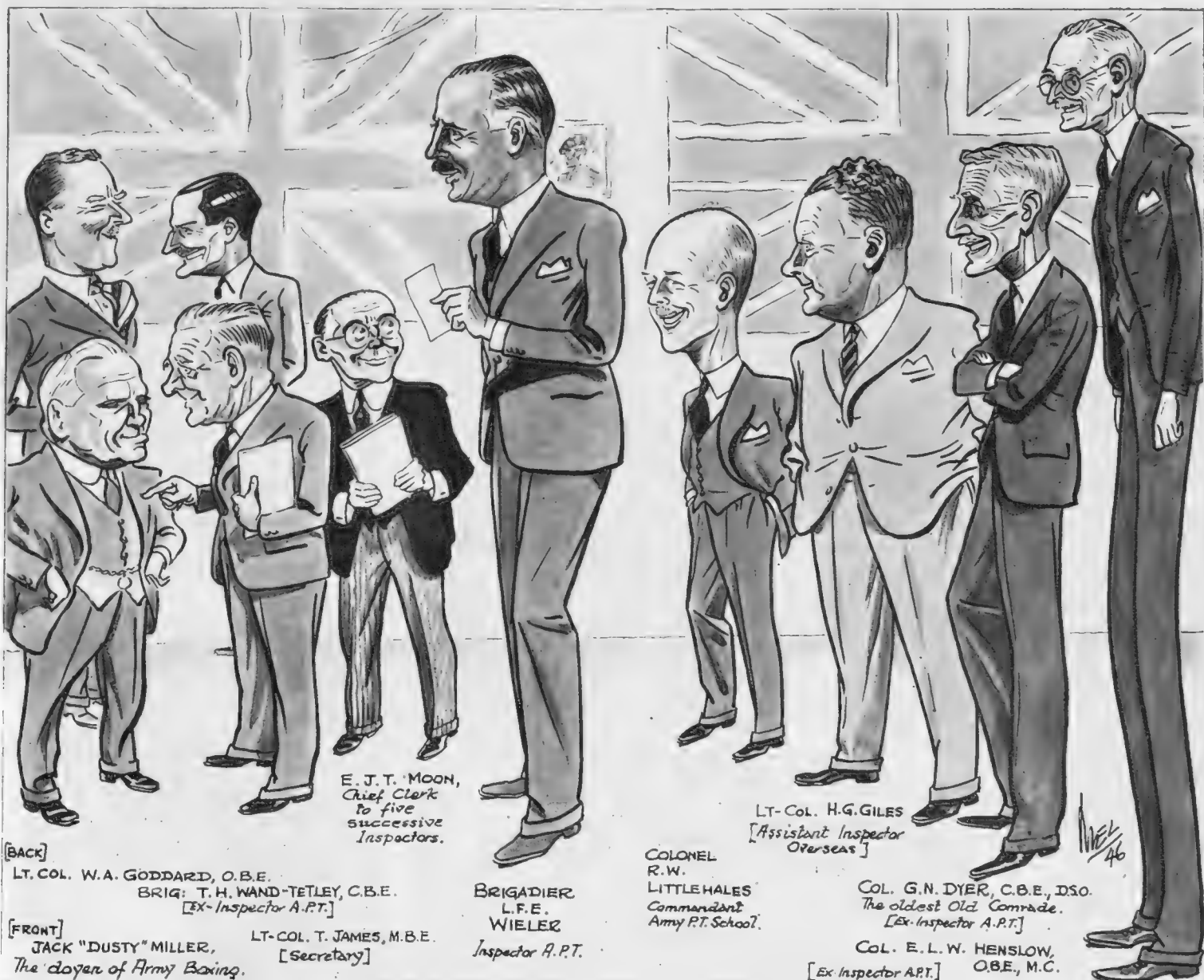
A PASSENGER in an aeroplane was enjoying the scenery when a parachutist floated past.

"Going to join me?" he asked.

"Indeed not," said the passenger. "I'm quite all right where I am."

"Just as you like," replied the parachutist.

"Only I'm the pilot."



[BACK]

LT. COL. W.A. GODDARD, O.B.E.

BRIG. T.H. WAND-TETLEY, C.B.E.

[Ex-Inspector A.P.T.]

[FRONT]

JACK "DUSTY" MILLER,

The doyen of Army Boxing.

LT. COL. T. JAMES, M.B.E.

[Secretary]

E. J. T. MOON,
Chief Clerk
to five
successive
Inspectors.

BRIGADIER
L.F.E.
WIELER

Inspector A.P.T.

COLONEL
R.W.
LITTLEHALES

Commandant
Army P.T. School.

LT. COL. H.G. GILES
[Assistant Inspector
Overseas]

COL. G.N. DYER, C.B.E., D.S.O.
The oldest Old Comrade.
[Ex-Inspector A.P.T.]

COL. E.L.W. HENSLOW,
O.B.E., M.C.
[Ex-Inspector A.P.T.]

The Army Physical Training School Reunion Dinner, by "Mel"

Some 500 members, past and present, of the Old Comrades' Association of the Army School of Physical Training met at the recent Reunion Dinner at Aldershot. There is no need to enlarge on the achievements of the School and the Physical Training Corps which it supplies with instructors. They were responsible for a fundamental part of the training of the fittest Army Britain has ever put into the field. Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler, Inspector of Physical Training, took the chair at the dinner and with him at the top table were several of his predecessors, including Col. G. N. Dyer, C.B.E., D.S.O., who responded to the toast of "Old Comrades"

Pictures in the Fire

By *Sabretache*

WHEN the war was really won! *Berlin, October 5th, 1940*: "The fifth week of Germany's great air offensive against Britain began to-day. And the Germans are in a great state of mind because the British won't admit they're licked. They cannot repress their rage against Churchill for still holding out hopes of victory to his people, instead of lying down and surrendering, as have all of Hitler's opponents up to date. The Germans cannot understand a people with character and guts." From *Berlin Diary*, by William L. Shirer, C.B.S. War Correspondent in Berlin.

There is another dispatch yet to come—that of the Burma Campaign—and I venture to predict that it will be the most vivid and colourful of them all, and probably of the best literary quality.

Clean-Cut and Well-Deserved

IT is usually found that when anyone does anything particularly meritorious, someone else immediately starts in trying to tell you that either it was a fluke, that it was not as good as "all that," or that anyone could have done it! This applies to statesmen, generals, jockeys and racehorses. But quite often these clever people are so wrong. It did not matter very much what people who did not want to see said about this very gallant grey, Airborne, who has collected the first two of his rightful gains, the Derby and the Leger, and is now certain to present his owner, Mr. J. E. Ferguson, to whom my respectful felicitations, with the Ascot Gold Cup of 1947. Perryman sent this beautiful horse out on to the course fighting fit; he was hard as a board, and he won his race just as easily as he won the Derby. Little Tommy Lowrey rode him to perfection, and did not take the chance he did in that Stuntney Stakes. Mürren, who ran second, also trained by Dick Perryman, was the only one of them who had not had enough over three furlongs out. Just inside that distance nothing had a chance. I think that I have the courage to go even further and say that Airborne was a certainty more than half a mile from home. He handed Niral the go-by five furlongs out, and at about the same place also to Gulf Stream. Fast and Fair looked a beaten horse six furlongs from home, but he caught his second wind and was fresh enough to wade through the heaps of the slain. Purely for personal consumption and comparison, it would interest a lot of us to know what Mr. G. H. Freer and Mr. Arthur Fawcett thought how much Airborne had in hand. My own estimate is that 7 lbs. is a very conservative figure. Few, if any, of them had any fight left after 1½ miles. Hispaniola had a merry time for a mile, but that is all!

Racing in India

MR. F. WADIA, whose family is well known on the turf in Western India, takes a racing paper to task for having quoted statements made by Reuter's Agency that (1) English horses are to be banned and (2) English jockeys disallowed. If there is any meaning in words, that was the literal reading of Reuter's dispatch, and our contemporary was entirely justified in taking the message to mean exactly what it said.

Mr. Wadia, who does not tell us upon whose behalf he is speaking, but presumably upon that of the Government of Bombay, says that Reuter was wrong, and that the words did not mean quite "all that." Mr. Wadia says that the Bombay Government renewed the licence of the Royal Western India Turf Club on condition that (a) all races for imported horses in Class III.—i.e., the selling-plater class—be abolished, and (b) that 35 per cent. of the races be allotted to Indian jockeys; this to be increased eventually to 50 per cent.

These statements have only one meaning—namely, that the control of racing is to be taken out of the hands of the present recognised Turf Authority, the R.W.I.T.C., and assumed

by an "Authority" of which the Jockey Club knows nothing—the Government of Bombay. It may well be that when the facts of the situation are absorbed by the recognised Turf Authority of Great Britain, it might not be very eager to grant recognition to an Indian Government-controlled Racing Authority of whose capacity it has no knowledge; and in the event of the Jockey Club not granting "recognition," any horse running at any meeting controlled by the superseding Authority would share the fate prescribed under Rule 66 (1) of the *Rules of Racing Under the Jockey Club*.

One fact stands out from Mr. Wadia's letter—namely, that the continuance of the existence of the Royal Western India Turf Club is made impossible. The same thing will eventually happen where the Royal Calcutta Turf Club is concerned, and the same problem will emerge. The Jockey Club does not include in the long list of "Other Recognised Turf Authorities" (Part I., Rule I.) any that even faintly resemble a Turf Authority run by a Provincial Government.

K.T.L.

THE Greeks had the appropriate words to fit these initials, but as Hitler has distributed our worthy printer's Greek fount, it is not possible to set them out in language which would be agreeable to the erudite ears of the patrons of this illustrious journal.

"What About The Rest?" seems to be a question which should suggest itself to whoever in India may elect to take up that heavy burden which the white man has borne so well and so patiently all down through these past centuries. A Viceroy who was a master of phrase, and a gatherer of the flowers of oratory, once called India "the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem," and the fact of this being so convincingly true makes her a tempting bait to anyone who has any particular ideas about anything East of Suez.

Her riches are almost secondary to her strategic importance. This seems to suggest that safety can only lie in India's myriad nations all facing one way and forming mass on the centre squadron. Some talk loosely of "India," little realising that there are more different nations in that sub-continent than in the whole of Europe. So what of The Rest? Not a very tractable team, it is to be feared, for even the best coachman who has ever handled the ribbons, and unlikely to take kindly to rule by any one sect.

There are not merely Hindus and Mohammedans in India, even if both be Asiatics. How about those straight-limbed, good-looking descendants of the troops who followed Alexander of Macedon, a by no means extinct or negligible race, and far more numerous than might possibly be known to any peripatetic Paget, M.P. They forsook Zeus for The Prophet many long years ago, but that did not alter the fact that they sprang from the loins of the fighting men who destroyed the army of King Porus at the Hydaspes (327 B.C.), which to-day we call the Jhelum. This breed is quite distinct. It is not of the Ben-i-Israel, those descendants of the Lost Tribes, or, as some have adventured, of Joshua's toughs who crossed the Jordan. There is not a Semitic trace in the blue eye and straight profile and the often almost auburn hair. Sons of Islam they now may be, but once upon a time their favourite god was Mars.

There are also those people who inhabit the wild and woolly Northern Marches, known collectively as Pathans. They are as fond of fighting as some of us here in peaceful Britain are of Soccer. Bombay has been recently made acquainted with some of their uncomfortable ways, and I feel that they may make their presence felt in some other places. Charming to meet as individuals: not easy to handle in bulk, especially when there is any religious urge to egg them on.

At Blakesley Show,
Northants

W/Cdr. Sir Archibald James, K.B.E., M.C., of Brackley Grange, and Mrs. C. Sheppard



The Hon. Mrs. Sale with her eleven-year-old daughter Caroline, who competed in the juvenile events at the Gymkhana



Holloway
Captain Guy Lucas, one of the judges, chatting with Mrs. J. Brittain-Jones, Lady Veronica Hornby, Viscountess Erleigh and Miss Mariette Hornby

SCOREBOARD



BUSINESS calling, Walter Robins is to give up the captaincy of Middlesex, and Lord's will miss the most electric cricketer of his day. There was none like him to keep wonder on tenterhooks and expectation on the hob. When he batted, you won-

dered whether he would be driving a long-hop over the bowler's head or late-cutting half-volleys past slip. When he bowled, you wondered whether he'd strike a deadly length with those lazy-seeming leg-breaks or bounce them three or four times while the batsman looked around for the emptier parts of the field. When he was fielding, at cover-point, you assumed that the years and Robins had signed a mutual pact of non-aggression.

He made a century for Cambridge against Oxford in 1928. In 1930, playing for England against Australia at Nottingham, he bowled Don Bradman—so like Robins to the casual glance—with a googly which that maestro, then in the 130's, mistook for a leg-break. In the next Test, at Lord's, while batting at a crisis with farmer Jack White, he forgot Jack was no greyhound and had him run out. When Robins also finished his innings, a Selector, who should have been wiser, asked him why he'd done so stupid a thing, and was at once advised by Robins to attempt the impossible.

NO one has ever suffered less gladly the follies of age and authority. Also, no captain had a saner consideration for spectators. No waiting after rain. There he would be, daring the pitch, with a wag of the head, not to be fit for play. A great entertainer. But he always stopped short of circus. He never hounded a match or, under pretence of pleasing the crowd, squeezed full points from a one-innings match. He knew cricket from sunshine to sawdust, and back again.

A touch of the hat, too, to E. F. "Bunty" Longrigg, who, having set Somerset cricket gaily on its way, retires again to torts and conveyancing. Almost in camera Somerset won twelve matches, two more than ever before, and finished fourth on the list. Certainly Longrigg, with eight or nine professors on the books, headed by the brilliant and neglected Harold Gimblett, had a more comfortable run than some of his predecessors, who sometimes hardly knew who or what would be found in the team. I remember an amateur tenor who turned up with a new type of in-singer, which caused him so much appealing for l.b.w. that for a month he had to lay off the Prologue from "Pagliacci" and make do with "Anchored" and "The Fishermen of England."

A PROPOS of movements and mutations, A Hindhead Golf Club, perhaps the most beautiful in Surrey, have lost Dai Rees, who has gone to Harry Vardon's old club at Totteridge, South Herts. In December 1938, I watched Rees go round Hindhead, with a private and non-intervening member, in 61 strokes: 31 out, 30 home—the most remarkable performance since David Lloyd George used to lay full brassie shots dead from 120 yards.

L.G. lived just beyond the wood at the back of the fifth green. One hot afternoon in the early 1920's, when I was scything a solitary swathe down the first hole, the stalwart figure of Sir William Robertson hove in view. We made a match, and had putted out on the fifth green. Then, with the look of one who has just swallowed a half-pint of salt and aloes, the Field-Marshal nodded towards the wood and said, "He lives there. Did you know?"

R. K. Roberts Glasgow.



The Duke of Beaufort (left) with Captain Frank Spicer, one of the judges in the jumping and gymkhana classes



Miss Ann Debenham, who won the Children's Jumping class, clears the wall on Vashty



Winner of the Best Pony class was Hestor, owned and ridden by Miss M. Phelps-Penry



Major H. de Freville (left) and Colonel C. H. S. Townsend judging competitors in the Best Pony class

Judges and Competitors at Bath Horse Show

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"British Weather"

"You Forget So Quickly"

"The Moving Toyshop"

"He Who Whispers"

"NICE day!" . . . "Warmer this evening!" . . . "Think this'll last?" . . . "Well, the sun was shining, where I came from." . . . "Better take your mackintosh, darling, you never know." . . . "Bit parky this morning." . . . "Hear the forecast last night?" . . . "There's one thing: it can't keep on much longer at *this* rate!" . . . "Wonderful, isn't it, for the time of year?" . . . "More like June than January." . . . "More like January than June." . . . "Wish I'd brought my sun-glasses!" . . . "What in the name of heaven made me store my fur coat?" . . . "Better give it till mid-day." . . . "Grrrrr!"

By such exclamations do the British communicate with each other, soul to soul. Our weather, at any extreme, is the great solvent. Nobody can let it pass by in silence: it continues to matter to us, intensely. Foreigners, with a despairing shrug, take it that we, in these islands, must have become accustomed to our own weather: it is evident that we never do. It continues to agitate and concern us; it conditions our plans; it lies at the root of our moods; it creates our characters; it explains our history. Weather is the capricious, disturbing *femme fatale* in the most stolid Britisher's best-ordered existence. It should be, therefore, apparent that the comprehensive "Britain in Pictures" Series, featuring, as it does, every aspect of British life, could not fail to come to grips with this fundamental. The author of *British Weather* (Collins; 4s. 6d.) is Stephen Bone—best known as a painter, but well versed in the subject he takes in hand.

At the outset of *British Weather* its author says:

Many books on meteorology have been published illustrated with remarkable and ingenious diagrams—graphs, wind roses, step diagrams, and so on—and abounding with maps of isotherms, isobars, isohyets, isonephs, and such ingenious things as isokairs. A book on meteorology should have all these, but this book has none of them. This book conforms to the tradition of the series and is illustrated in a different fashion. The reader may have guessed the reason: that this is not a book on meteorology at all. The concern here is not with the causes of weather but with its effects, with the results of weather and climate (which is average weather) on our surroundings and on ourselves.

Mild and Damp

As you may gather, just the book we want. Actually, Mr. Bone does not quite by-pass causes: the great part of what he has to say would not be either so intelligible or so valuable had he done so. He does, however, confine himself to main statements, in not over-technical terms. He shows himself master of what this series demands—the informative, lightly analytical essay, which shall at once please the fancy and feed the mind. Conscious of having a good subject, he does not over-develop in any one direction—rather, he is suggestive, inviting thought. It should be a tribute to his short book that it seemed to me to have the content of quite a long one—stimulated by some phrase or sentence of Mr. Bone's I kept supplying paragraphs for myself. Several of the ideas he throws out could be followed up, I discovered, indefinitely.

In the main, our climate ("average weather") is mild and damp. Our domestic architecture and social customs admit, and adapt themselves to, this fact. We do not cater for cold snaps or heat-waves, and therefore suffer considerably in the course of either. Not expecting sunshine, we build large windows to admit what light there is; thereby admitting perishing draughts. We prefer open fires, because of their animated and cheerful appearance, ignoring or suffering the fact that the greater part of their heat goes up the chimney. We appear to the stranger to be a race of mackintosh-wearers and nose-blowers. At the same time, we have a passion for entertainments for which fine, or at least rainless, weather is indispensable—picnics, cricket matches, tennis parties and garden fêtes, not to speak of plays acted out of doors. Every occasion of this kind is attended up to the last moment by repressed but devastating anxiety on the part of those responsible for its success.

How do we continue to preserve these illusions as to our own summers? Almost everybody I know is certain that summers were finer, hotter, longer, in fact completely golden, when they were young. This is, apparently, possible: Mr. Bone points out that weather goes in cycles. Sad, in that case, to think we shall have an entire age-group who will grow up never expecting summers to be anything but wet, and whose childhood's tenderest memories will entwine themselves with duckboards, tarpaulins and squelching lawns.

As against this, we can set our glistening winters—mornings of crystal, afternoons of pink pearl. As to winters, we definitely score. The only kind of weather, summer or winter, which is to me definitely intolerable is windy weather. The overcast, grey, gritty, fidgety, creepy kind when, in town or country equally, indoors, outdoors, everything flaps or twitches. These are windy islands: Mr. Bone has a good passage on winds, their causes, but not, alas, their cure.

Art and History

I find it intractable, our weather is seldom ugly—and how it makes for beauty! Greatness of trees, greenness of grass, wild flowers, unrivalled gardens. . . . Mr. Bone quotes the impressions of several travellers: Senhor Oliveira Martins, from Portugal, found our English landscape somewhat overpowering—

The carpets of grass, densely peopled with edible ruminants, present themselves to us through the carriage windows as we go swiftly along, dotted with yellow and white flowers like topazes and pearls set in a sea of emeralds, in which the suspended raindrops, catching the light, seem like diamonds. . . . A bluish mist pregnant with light surrounds the meadows plastered with green; and as green at a distance grows darker, so the mist goes on increasing in density, involving all beyond the dark borders of the landscape palpitating with life. I vaguely felt what I may call a hallucination of meat. . . .

It is the light itself, more than any form of the landscape, which makes England—glimmering distances, cloud-washed foregrounds, the apparent translucence even of cities under a changing day. Nowhere else, either, are there clouds like those in our skies—crumbling, melting, darkening, shredding, blooming with blue shadow. The illustrations to *British Weather* show how weather not only reflects itself in, but inspires the greatest of our painters' art. Weather-painting reaches its peak in the genius of Constable. Turner, Cox, Wilson Steer, Paul Nash, Whistler, Samuel Palmer, Cotman have also been drawn on for their treatment of clouds, storm-sharpened skylines, shining rain-damp scenes; while Mr. Bone's own oil-painting, "Valley Mist," captures a mood of autumn one knows well.

The part played by weather in English literature is a theme I should like to expand further. To begin at the very top, look at the Shakespeare sonnets! In our novels, weather

(Continued on page 414)

LEONIDE
MASSINE

Photograph by Baron

THIS famous Russian dancer recently arrived in England with Irina Baronova to play a leading part in the film *A Bullet in the Ballet*, adapted from the novel by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. He was born in Moscow in 1896 and studied at the Moscow Imperial School for the Theatre. In 1913 his extraordinary talent was discovered by Diaghilev when he was seeking for a dancer to replace Nijinsky, and after intensive training by the famous teacher Cecchetti, he made his first appearance, as a policeman in *Petrouchka*. He was quickly promoted to solo parts, his first being in *La Légende de Joseph* at the Paris National Opera House in 1914, and in 1915 succeeded Fokine as principal choreographer to Diaghilev, his first composition being *Soleil de Nuit*. Since then he has composed many famous ballets, ranging from *La Boutique Fantasque* and *The Three-Cornered Hat*, to such modern works as *Beach* and *Union Pacific*. He was associated with many of C. B. Cochran's productions in the 'twenties and early 'thirties, including *On With the Dance*, *Cochran's Revue* and *Helen*. In 1932 he joined Colonel de Basil's Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, and in 1934-37 was seen with this company at Covent Garden, and in 1938 at Drury Lane, where he had made his first appearance in London in 1914.





Davis — Rissik

Lt. John A. Davis, D.S.C., R.N., second son of G/Capt. and Mrs. Davis, of Woods Place, Whallington, married Miss Rosemary Muriel Rissik, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Corrie Rissik, of Burchens Spring, Beaconsfield, at Beaconsfield Parish Church



Ash — Teare

Lt. I. H. Ash, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Ash, of The Close, Borcot, Oxfordshire, married Miss Beryl Teare, daughter of Mrs. Teare, of Dene Corner, Dene Road, Northwood, Middlesex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Tudhope — Lee

The marriage took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, between F/Lt. David Tudhope, D.F.C., R.N.Z.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Tudhope, of Hamilton, New Zealand, and Miss Charity Lee, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. T. Lee, of Cokway Rise, Lyme Regis



Lewis — Fife-Cookson

Capt. David Christopher Gwynne Lewis, The Buffs, only son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. F. O. Lewis, of Great Bookham, Surrey, married Miss Margaret Janet Fife-Cookson, only child of the late H. A. Fife-Cookson, and of Mrs. Symons, of Dolphin Square, S.W.1, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



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**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**

Joy Smith

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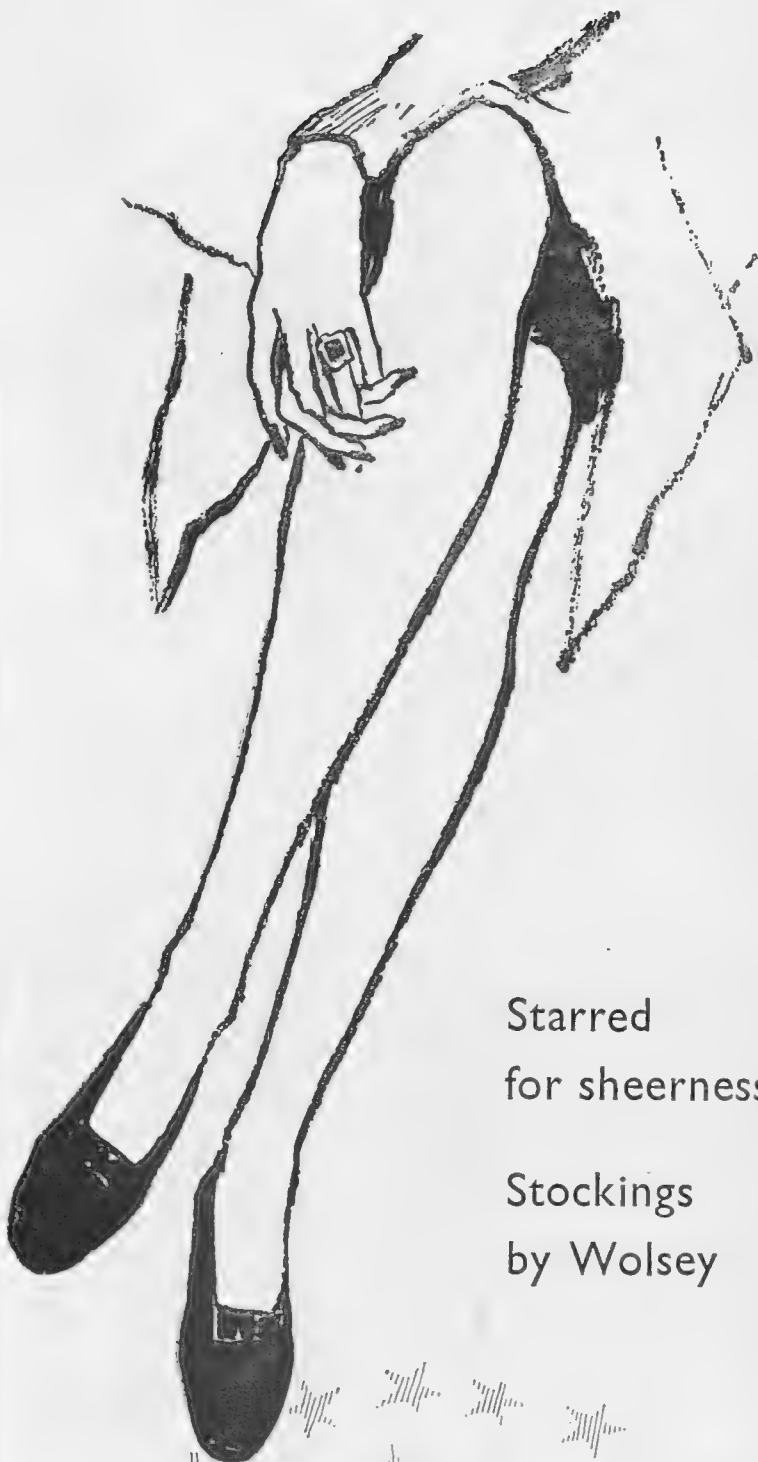
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Oliver Stewarts ON FLYING

AN excellent example of the way in which this country is sometimes at cross-purposes with itself was given at the time of the really wonderful Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display at Radlett Aerodrome. The purpose of the display was largely to show visitors from abroad what the British aircraft industry can do and has done.

Guests were invited from many countries and I imagine that in all there were some five or six thousand people there. Those guests, I take it, had some kind of Government priority behind them. But it is quite certain that other visitors from abroad at the time were receiving all the obstruction and insolence that immigration and other port authorities know so well how to dispense.

Uncouth Behaviour

May I beg the Home Office (for I suppose it is that department) to persuade its officers to be a little less sour with travellers who arrive at our airports? I am not thinking now of the case of the child from Spain who was packed back because she could not remember the name of her host—people who had looked after her when she was here as a refugee. I assume that somebody will give the Home Office the reprimand it deserves for that piece of bullying. I am thinking rather of the ordinary traveller who is made to believe he is going to be clapped into prison directly he arrives.

Henry Miller has described it all in *The Cosmological Eye*. And for him the situation was less menacing because he knows the language.

Sooner or later we must decide whether we want to keep all foreigners out of the country or whether we want them to visit us. So far, Ministers have been adjuring aircraft and motor car manufacturers to sell their products overseas while at the same time other Ministers have—through their servants—been busily engaged in insulting every visitor from abroad.

Magnificent Engines

HOWEVER, as I say, the officially invited guests of the S.B.A.C. presumably had some protection from the officials. And they did see a fine show. I liked the way the static exhibition was set out,

with the standardized name plates hung above each stand, and the standardized over-all colour scheme.

As always in static shows the engine makers had the best of it. They can set up on their stands one or more complete engines, and the jet units that were shown at Radlett were most impressive.



Group Captain E. M. Donaldson, who beat the world's speed record of 606 m.p.h., by 10 m.p.h., in a Gloster Meteor jet plane, describes the flight to Air Marshal Sir James Robb, A.O.C. Fighter Command. He flew over the R.A.F. high speed course near Tangmere at 616 m.p.h., while his colleague in the attempt, S/Ldr. Waterton, did 614 m.p.h.

Rolls-Royce had a Derwent like those in the record-breaking Meteor. Armstrong Siddeley showed their axial flow units and there was much interest in the small one, which is a propjet and is rated at 1,000 h.p. It will be used in trainers. Then, of course, there was the de Havilland jet units, the Goblin, with the com-

pressor which makes one think of a spiral staircase and is a beautiful piece of production work.

Among the aircraft stands there was a good model of the Ambassador and also one of the same aircraft modified to act as a freighter. And on the Meteor stand I noticed a discreet hint (the date being then the 13th September) at higher speeds than the 991 kilometres an hour (616 m.p.h.) done by Donaldson on the 7th.

It was, I suppose, a pity that the 1,000 kilometres an hour had not been done by the time the display was held. And yet it was clear from the figures that had been established that the Meteor could do that speed if the weather were hot enough. The English climate alone was to blame.

Aerobatics

THE flying display on the second day was remarkable for the aerobatics by Humble and by Geoffrey de Havilland, the first in a Sea Fury, the second in a Swallow. But I noticed that visitors from France were especially interested in the small Miles personal aircraft.

Attention abroad is turning towards personal aircraft, and I was glad to see prominence given to such machines as the Messenger in spite of the fact that orders for this kind of machine can never be financially so impressive as orders for fighters and bombers.

I have only one criticism of the flying display, and that is concerned with the order in which the items were arranged. It seemed to me a pity that the two highlights—the Humble and de Havilland shows—should have been placed towards the beginning and at the end of the programme.

Variety artists who "top the bill" expect to go on somewhere in the middle of the show, and I think it would have been much better to have had Humble and de Havilland somewhere in the middle. But it is a minor point.

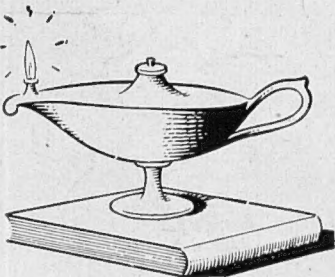
Taking it all in all I think we must congratulate the S.B.A.C. on a very fine display. And let us express the hope that next year it will be found possible to hold it somewhere where the road approaches to the aerodrome will permit the flying exhibition, at any rate, to be thrown open to the general public.

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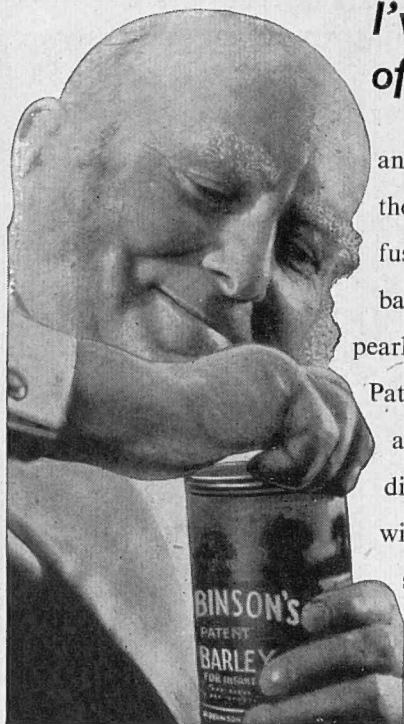
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